

# EUGENE FIELD READER



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS





Oliver E. Willis

Oct-20<sup>th</sup> 1917



# EUGENE FIELD READER

BY  
ALICE L. HARRIS

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY SCHOOLS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
FRANK W. COOLEY  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY

MARY FRENCH FIELD

LOVE SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY

EUGENE FIELD

---

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



TO  
THE CHILDREN  
WHOSE RICH INHERITANCE  
IS THE SWEETEST AND THE BEST  
FROM THE PEN OF HIM WHOM  
ALL KNOW BUT TO  
LOVE







# CONTENTS

|                                    | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Introduction . . . . .             | I    |
| Little Boy Blue . . . . .          | 4    |
| With Trumpet and Drum . . . . .    | 16   |
| The Drum . . . . .                 | 24   |
| Our Flag . . . . .                 | 27   |
| The Humming Top . . . . .          | 32   |
| Good-Children Street . . . . .     | 34   |
| The Shut-Eye Train . . . . .       | 40   |
| The Sugar-Plum Tree . . . . .      | 45   |
| The Rock-a-By Lady . . . . .       | 52   |
| The Duel . . . . .                 | 56   |
| Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . . . . . | 61   |

# CONTENTS

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| <b>Little-Oh-Deer</b> . . . . .         | 66   |
| <b>The Ride to Bumpville</b> . . . . .  | 69   |
| <b>Nightfall in Dordrecht</b> . . . . . | 72   |
| <b>So, So, Rock-a-by So</b> . . . . .   | 84   |
| <b>Fairy and Child</b> . . . . .        | 87   |
| <b>Vocabulary</b> . . . . .             | 91   |

# EUGENE FIELD READER







## INTRODUCTION

---

THE poems of Eugene Field appeal to the natural instincts of childhood. He is distinctly the poet of the young. His poems abound in sentiments and allusions which touch life and experience at an early period. "Verse preceded prose in the literary evolution of the race; by reason of both form and substance it should be the staple of literary diet and primary education."

In reading poetry to little children, it is well to bear in mind that many selections may be made enjoyable, and that much profit may be derived, even though the meaning may not be grasped in its entirety. Children love to listen to the reading of poems and of stories in which the human element plays an important part; especially is this true when the sports, games, experiences, and life, through which most children pass, are made prominent features.

Rhythm is natural to children. The melodic swing of words and phrases—the jingle—arouse interest, stimulate attention, and pave the way to more formal work.

In the book here presented, great care has been exercised in the selection of the poems upon which the reading lessons stand. The stories which these poems tell constitute the elements which are to open the door into the reading world.

This book is intended for use during the first year of children at school. The lessons are regularly graded, and the progressive steps are natural and logical. The subject matter deals with the things with which childhood is almost constantly surrounded. It will thus be seen that the children are not only dwelling in a real, tangible world, talking about real things, but in addition, that they are constantly journeying into a shadow world, the world of imagination, in which are spent the happiest moments of childlife.

The book is pedagogical in that it recognizes that interest lies at the foundation of mental growth. With this end in view, it is suggested that the story of the poem be first told by the teacher. This should be followed by its reading by the teacher. Then opportunity should be given for expression on the part of the children. This should consist of oral reproduction, of illustrations with the brush, blackboard sketches, and by cutting. Children love to act. The dramatizing instinct develops the imagination, and may serve as an



incentive to language work. After having read the lesson following each poem, even though unable to read the poem itself, the children should be encouraged to find the familiar words in it.

It may be seen that by following some such suggestions as those named above, there will be some objective point toward which the children are traveling, and, as a consequence, the mental faculties will be alert.

It is dull work for children to attempt to master a reading lesson in which no initial interest has been awakened. Anticipating this thought, this book uses such principles as a basis.

The lessons are the result of school-room experience, based upon the poems given, and developed with the children, and are therefore believed to be teachable.

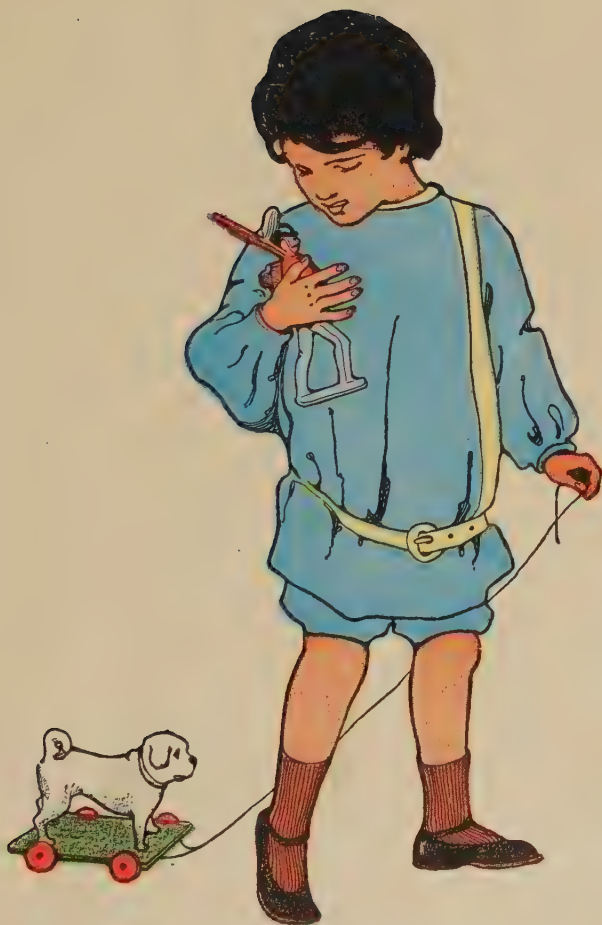
With the hope that this little book may find its way into the hearts and lives of the boys and girls—the little men and women of to-day—it is sent forth on its mission.

# LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But stúrdy and stanch he stands ;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair ;  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,  
“And don’t you make any noise !”  
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys ;  
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true !

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place—  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face ;  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

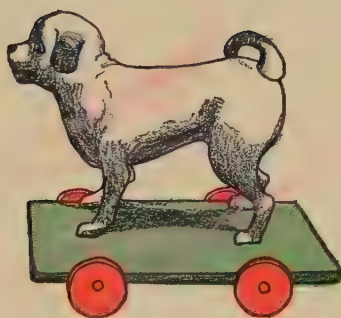


Little Boy Blue





Little Tin Soldier



Little Toy Dog



This is Little Boy Blue.  
Can you see Little Boy Blue?  
Little Boy Blue, I can see you.  
How do you do, Little Boy Blue?  
Little Boy Blue has a cap.  
His cap is blue.  
He has a blouse.  
His blouse is blue.  
He has red stockings.  
Little Boy Blue has a blue cap, a  
blue blouse, and red stockings.





This is a little tin soldier.

The soldier has a cap.

His cap is black.

He has a coat.

It is a red coat.

The soldier has a gun.

Can he fire the gun?

No, for he is a little tin soldier.

Can he talk?

No, he cannot talk.

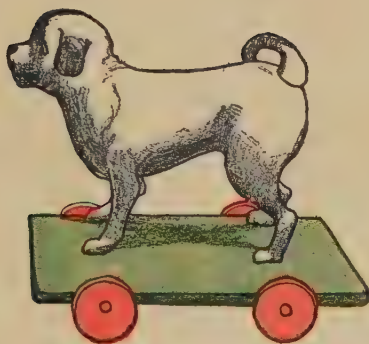
He is a toy soldier.

This is Little Boy Blue's tin soldier.



## DAN

Little Boy Blue has a dog.  
The dog's name is Dan.  
He has a little toy dog.  
The toy dog's name is Zip.  
Dan is a big dog.



## ZIP

Zip is a little dog.

Little Boy Blue loves Dan.

He loves Zip, too.

Dan loves Little Boy Blue.

Dan can talk and bark.

Zip cannot bark.

He is a toy dog.

Toy dogs do not bark.

Zip is Little Boy Blue's toy dog.





I am Little Boy Blue.

See my toys!

This is my tin soldier.

See his black cap and red coat!

My blouse is blue.

My tin soldier has a gun.

I am a soldier, too.

I have a gun.

See Dan!

Dan is my big dog.

Dan has a black and white coat.

See Zip!

Zip is my little toy dog.

Dan talks to Zip.

He says, "Bow-wow, how do you do,  
Zip?"

Zip cannot say "Bow-wow."

Little Boy Blue has a toy dog and a  
tin soldier.

He talks to them.

“How do you do, little soldier?”

“Little toy dog, how do you do?”

“I love you, little tin soldier.”

“Little toy dog, I love you.”

Little Boy Blue puts his toys to sleep.

He puts them in his chair.

“Good-night, little dog.”

“Good-night, little soldier.”



"Now, don't you go till I come," he said  
"And don't you make any noise."  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

# WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,  
Marching like soldiers, the children come!

It's this way and that way they circle and file—

My! but that music of theirs is fine!

This way and that way, and after a while

They march straight into this heart of mine!

A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb

To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall—

This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!

It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,

As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;

It will rock you away to the dreamland above—

Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,

And jollier still is it bound to become

When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red  
drum!

So come; though I see not *his* dear little face

And hear not *his* voice in this jubilant place,

I know he were happy to bid me enshrine

His memory deep in my heart with your play—

Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine

Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!

And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk, come,

March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

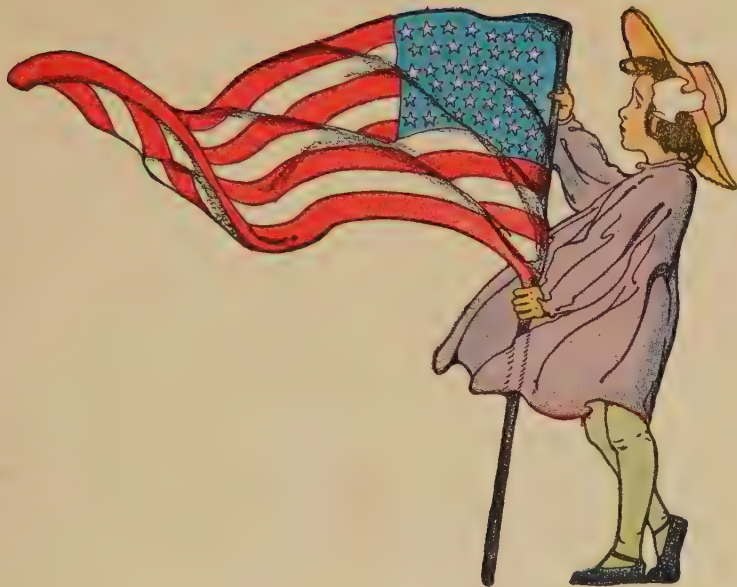


See the boy with the drum.  
The drum is red.  
Can you see the drum?  
I can see the drum.  
Can you beat the drum?  
There are two sticks.  
They are drum sticks.  
The boy beats the drum with the sticks.  
The drum says “r-r-rat-tat-tat, tum-  
titty-um-tum-tum.”





See the boy with the trumpet.  
The trumpet is big.  
It is a big tin trumpet.  
The boy blows the trumpet.  
Can you blow the trumpet?  
The big tin trumpet says "tooty-tooty-  
toot."



See the girl with the flag.  
It is our country's flag.  
See the stars and stripes.  
The stars are white.  
The stripes are red and white.  
There is blue in the flag.  
The white stars are in a field of blue.  
The little girl waves the flag.  
Hurrah for our country's flag!  
Wave the flag! Hurrah!



“ With big tin trumpet and little red drum,  
Marching like soldiers, the children come ! ”

The children play they are soldiers.  
They blow the trumpet, beat the drum,  
and wave the flag.  
They march this way.  
They march that way.  
They march in a circle.  
They march in file.



There was a man who loved these  
children.

He loved all children.

He loved to see them march like  
soldiers.

He loved to hear them blow the trum-  
pet, and beat the little red drum.



He said they marched straight into his heart with their music.

“Come on, little people,” he said;  
“there is room for you all.”

He said, “My heart is so big, there is room for all children.

I will put my big arms around you,  
and you will put your little arms around me.

I will sing my songs to you; I will tell you my stories.

I will love you, and you will make me happy.”

This man's name was Eugene Field.  
Eugene Field loved all little people so much that he wrote his sweetest songs for them.

# THE DRUM

I'm a beautiful red, red drum,  
And I train with the soldier boys;  
As up the street we come,  
Wonderful is our noise!  
There's Tom, and Jim, and Phil,  
And Dick, and Nat, and Fred,  
While Widow Cutler's Bill  
And I march on ahead,  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat,  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—  
Oh, there's bushels of fun in that  
For boys with a little red drum!

The Injuns came last night  
While the soldiers were abed  
And they gobbled a Chinese kite  
And off to the woods they fled!  
The woods are the cherry-trees  
Down in the orchard lot,  
And the soldiers are marching to seize  
The booty the Injuns got,  
With tum-titty-um-tum-tum,  
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,  
When soldiers marching come  
Injuns had better scat!

Step up there, little Fred,  
And, Charley, have a mind;  
Jim is as far ahead  
As you two are behind!  
Ready with gun and sword  
Your valorous work to do—  
Yonder the Injun horde  
Are lying in wait for you.  
And their hearts go pitapat  
When they hear the soldiers come  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

Course it's all in play!  
The skulking Injun crew  
That hustled the kite away  
Are little white boys, like you!  
But "honest" or "just in fun,"  
It is all the same to me;  
And, when the battle is won,  
Home once again march we  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And tum-titty-um-tum-tum;  
And there's glory enough in that  
For the boys with their little red drum!

I am a beautiful red, red drum.  
I have two sticks.  
They are drum sticks.  
The children love to play with me.  
They play they are soldier boys.  
They beat me with the drum sticks,  
and I make a great noise.  
I say "r-r-rat-tat-tat, tum-titty-um-tum-  
tum."  
Get ready to march, boys.





## OUR FLAG

“’T is the star-spangled banner,  
Oh! long may it wave  
O’er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave.”



We play we are Indians, and live in the  
woods.

The woods are the cherry-trees.

Indians live in a wigwam.

We play we live in a wigwam.

We have a kite.

It is a soldier boy's kite.

The soldier boys cannot find the  
kite, for we have it.

We shall hide it in the cherry-tree.

When the soldiers march after it, we shall  
run and hide in the wigwam.





We are little soldier boys.

Tom is our captain.

See our beautiful red drum.

Bill beats the drum with the drum sticks.

Tom says, "The Indians have our kite.

They are in the woods.

We must march to the woods and  
get the kite."

Bill beats the drum, and it says,  
"Mark time!"

Tom says, "Soldiers, mark time! left,  
right; left, right; forward, march!"

When the Indians see us, they will run.

Then we shall get the kite.

See us march!

Hurrah! now we shall have the kite!

See the Indians run!

Hurrah for the soldier boys!



# THE HUMMING TOP

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song

To my dear little boy at play—

Merrily singeth all day long,

As it spinneth and spinneth away.

And my dear little boy

He laugheth with joy

When he heareth the monotone

Of that busy thing

That loveth to sing

The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,

That the song be loud and clear;

Now hurl the top with all your might

Upon the banquette here;

And straight from the string

The joyous thing

Boundeth and spinneth along,

And it whirrs and it chirrs

And it birrs and it purrs

Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,

As some have grown before?

Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,

When he heareth the songs of yore?

Will ever this toy

Of my dear little boy,



When the years have worn away,  
Sing sad and low  
Of the long ago,  
As it singeth to me to-day?

I am a humming top.  
I can spin.  
I hum and sing all day.  
I am Fred's humming top.  
Fred is one of the soldier boys.  
Fred laughs when I sing.  
Can you spin a humming top?  
Can you make me sing?  
You must hold fast the string.  
Then wind the string tightly.  
Now pull the string quickly.  
Now drop me to the floor.  
Hear me sing! I love to sing.  
My song is "Whir-r-r, chir-r-r, bir-r-r, pur-r-r."



# GOOD-CHILDREN STREET

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street—

My heart turneth fondly to-day

Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet

Make sweetest of music at play ;

Where the sunshine of love illumines each face

And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about

With dollies and tin tops and drums,

And, my ! how they frolic and scamper and shout

Till bedtime too speedily comes !

Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet

With little folk living in Good-Children street !

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,

And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts ;

The captain rides gayly and proudly ahead

On a stick-horse that prances and snorts !

Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet—

Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children street !

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—

Poor dolly ! I'm sure she is ill,

For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out

And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.

Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,

Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children street.

'T is so the dear children go romping about  
With dollies and banners and drums,  
And I venture to say they are sadly put out  
When an end to their jubilee comes ;  
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet  
With little folk living in Good-Children street !

But when falleth night over river and town,  
Those little folk vanish from sight,  
And an angel all white from the sky cometh down  
And guardeth the babes through the night,  
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet  
To the dear little people in Good-Children street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened  
with care

Though poverty fall to my lot,  
Though toil and vexation be always my share,  
What care I — they trouble me not !  
*This* thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:  
There's a dear little home in Good-Children street.



There's a dear little home  
in Good-Children street  
Odette lives in the dear lit-  
tle home.

Many other children live  
in Good-Children street

What kind of children do you think they  
are?

The children in this street are always  
happy.

They romp and play till bedtime comes.  
They have dollies, and tin tops, and drums

Odette's dolly has a carriage.

She wheels her dolly about in the carriage.

Odette's dolly has only one eye, and no feet; but it can cry.

Odette says, "My dolly is ill, so I wheel her about in the carriage."

Poor dolly! all the children are sorry.



See, here comes an army of soldier boys.

Listen to what they say:

“We are not real soldiers.

We are make-believe soldiers.

Make-believe soldiers all live in Good-

Children street.

Some of us carry *guns*; others carry *swords*

Our guns are painted red.





Our swords are made of wood.  
They are not real guns and swords,  
    but just make-believe.  
The captain rides at the head.  
He rides *a make-believe horse*.  
It is a stick-horse that prances and snorts.  
The captain says, 'Wave the *flag*!  
    blow the *trumpet*! beat the *drum*!  
Mark time! left, right; left, right;  
    forward, march.'  
Here come the soldiers of Good-Children  
street."

# THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

Come, my little one, with me!  
There are wondrous sights to see  
As the evening shadows fall;  
In your pretty cap and gown,  
Don't detain  
The Shut-Eye train—  
“Ting-a-ling!” the bell it goeth,  
“Toot-toot!” the whistle bloweth,  
And we hear the warning call;  
*“All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!”*

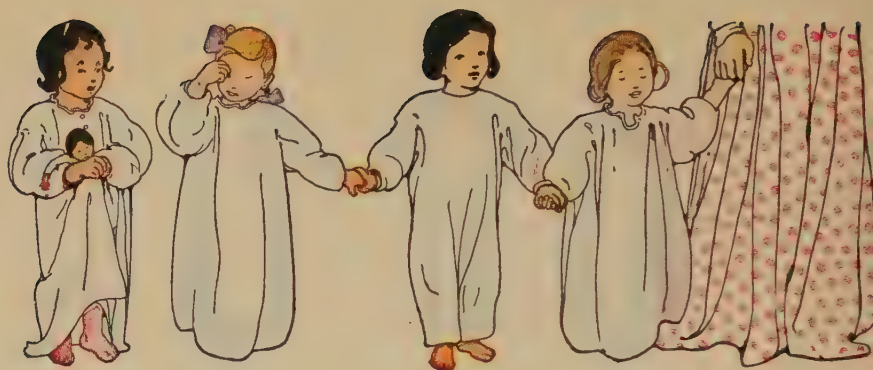
Over hill and over plain  
Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train!  
Through the blue where bloom the stars  
And the Mother Moon looks down  
We'll away  
To land of Fay—  
Oh, the sights that we shall see there!  
Come, my little one, with me there—  
’Tis a goodly train of cars—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Swifter than a wild bird's flight,  
Through the realms of fleecy light  
We shall speed and speed away!  
Let the Night in envy frown—

What care we  
How wroth she be!  
To the Balow-land above us,  
To the Balow-folk who love us,  
Let us hasten while we may—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—  
Golden dreams await us there;  
We shall dream those dreams, my dear,  
Till the Mother Moon goes down—  
See unfold  
Delights untold!  
And in those mysterious places  
We shall see beloved faces  
And beloved voices hear  
*In the grace of Shut-Eye Town!*

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,  
Weary are your little feet—  
Nestle closer up to me  
In your pretty cap and gown;  
Don't detain  
The Shut-Eye train!  
“Ting-a-ling!” the bell it goeth,  
“Toot-toot!” the whistle bloweth—  
Oh, the sights that we shall see!  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*



“Let us go to Shut-Eye Town.”

This is what the little children  
of Good-Children street say when  
night comes.

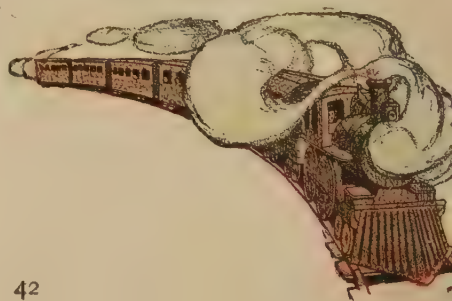
They put on their little caps and gowns.

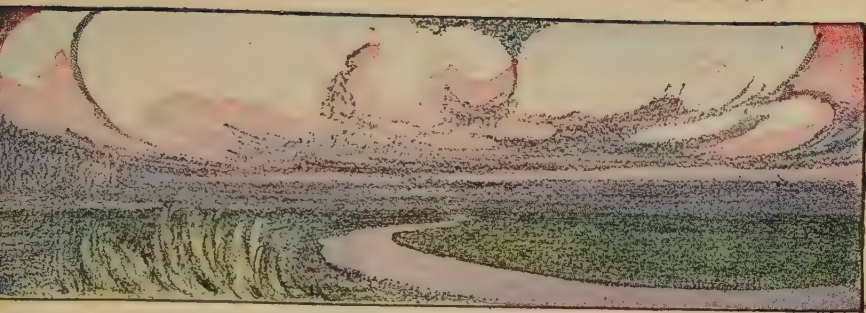
The bell says, “ting-a-ling!”

The whistle says, “toot-toot!”

The children all cry, “Here comes  
the Shut-Eye  
train!

*All aboard for  
Shut-Eye  
Town!”*





“Oh, the sights that we shall see  
there!

Come, my little one, with me there—  
'Tis a goodly train of cars—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*”

Do you know the road of the Shut-  
Eye train?

The road is blue like the sky,  
and white like the clouds.  
It has the night all around it, but  
it is not dark.



It is not dark, because all the beautiful stars bloom over it.

The big Mother Moon lights it.

Over this road the Shut-Eye train goes  
as swiftly as a bird flies.

“‘Ting-a-ling!’ the bell it goeth,  
‘Toot-toot!’ the whistle bloweth—  
Oh, the sights that we shall see!  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*”





# THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a  
hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,

And a gingerbread dog prowls below—

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog

And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,

As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the  
ground—

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marsh-mallows, gumdrops, and peppermint  
canes,

With stripings of scarlet or gold,  
And you carry away of the treasure that rains  
As much as your apron can hold !  
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me  
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,  
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree  
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

This is a sugar-plum tree.

Have you ever seen a sugar-plum tree?

It grows in the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

It is the tree on which the candy grows.

When good children eat the fruit that grows  
on the sugar-plum tree, it is said to  
make them very happy.

This tree is very tall.

The sugar-plums grow at the top.

The tree grows so tall that the children can-  
not climb to the sugar-plums.

The children of Good-Children street all go  
to Shut-Eye Town when night comes.



They go on the Shut-Eye train by the light  
of the big Mother Moon.

The birds cannot fly so swiftly  
as the Shut-Eye train can go.

When the children reach Shut-Eye Town,  
there are so many things to do.

“What shall we do first?” the children say.

“Let us go to the garden  
where the sugar-plum grows.”

They run swiftly to the garden.

There they see the tall tree.

They cannot climb it, it is so tall.

“Oh, how can we get the sugar-plums?”  
they say.

“See, there is a chocolate cat in the tree!”

Under the tree they spy a dog—a ginger,  
bread dog.

The children all laugh.

They say, “Sick-um!” to the gingerbread dog.

The dog barks loudly at the chocolate cat.



The cat says, “Fst! f-s-s-s-t! fst! fst! fst! Me-ow! me-ow!” and runs all over the tree. And what do you think happens? The dog barks so loudly, and the cat runs so swiftly, the candy all comes tumbling down from the sugar-plum tree.





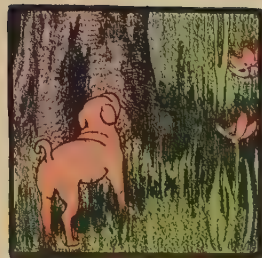


This is the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Sugar-Plum Tree  
that grows in the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Chocolate Cat  
that sits in the Sugar-Plum  
Tree  
that grows in the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Gingerbread Dog  
that barks at the Chocolate Cat  
that sits in the Sugar-Plum Tree  
that grows in the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.



This is the fruit  
that falls to the ground  
when the Gingerbread Dog  
barks at the Chocolate Cat



that sits in the Sugar-Plum  
Tree  
that grows in the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.

We are the Children  
from Good-Children  
street  
who eat of the fruit  
that falls to the ground  
when the Gingerbread  
Dog  
barks at the Choco-  
late Cat  
that sits in the Sugar-Plum  
Tree  
that grows in the garden  
of Shut-Eye Town.



# THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street  
Comes stealing; comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—  
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;  
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
With laughter and singing;  
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,  
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,  
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and  
fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;  
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing; comes creeping.



“I am the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street.

Hushaby street is in Shut-Eye Town.  
Do you see my flowers?  
These flowers are poppies."  
A Rock-a-By Lady always carries  
poppies.  
Poppies are filled with sleep.  
Every big poppy and every little poppy  
has a dream in it.  
Shall I tell you some of the dreams  
I bring to the children who come  
to Shut-Eye Town?  
When the children of Good-Children  
street come to Shut-Eye Town,  
I give them poppies.  
Every little boy and every little girl  
gets a poppy with a dream in it.  
There is one little dream of a beautiful  
drum that says, "Rub-a-dub."  
This flower, I give to Fred.

There is one little dream of a big  
sugar-plum.

This flower, I give to Nat.

The dream of the trumpet is for Tom.

I have dreams of pop-guns that bang,  
and tin tops that hum.

Some poppies have dreams of beautiful  
dollies in them.

These dollies can laugh, and cry, and  
sing.

They can talk and walk about.

“And boats go a-floating  
on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo  
with their own misty gleams,

And up, up, and up,  
where the Mother Moon beams,  
The fairies go winging!”



## THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
*(I wasn't there: I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

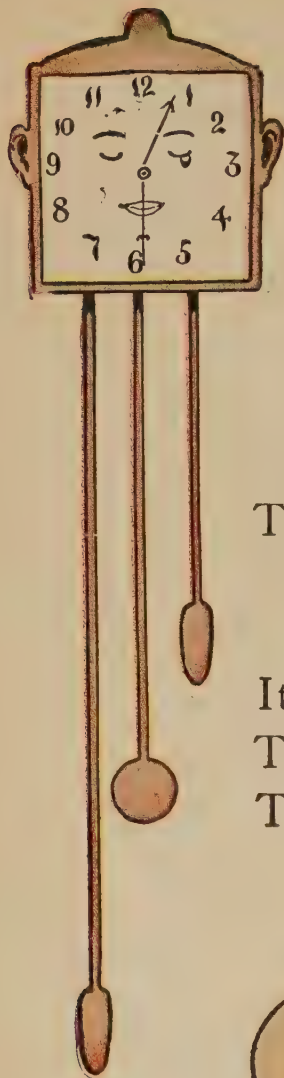
The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
*(Now mind: I'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,



Employing every tooth and claw  
In the awfulest way you ever saw—  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!  
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate—  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning, where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that!  
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)*

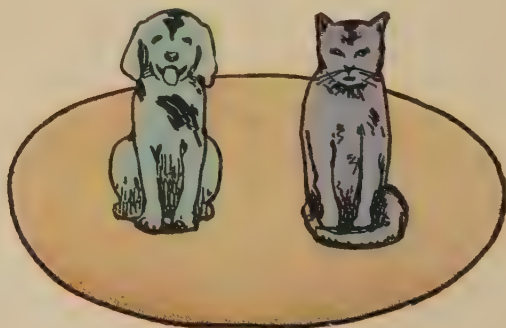


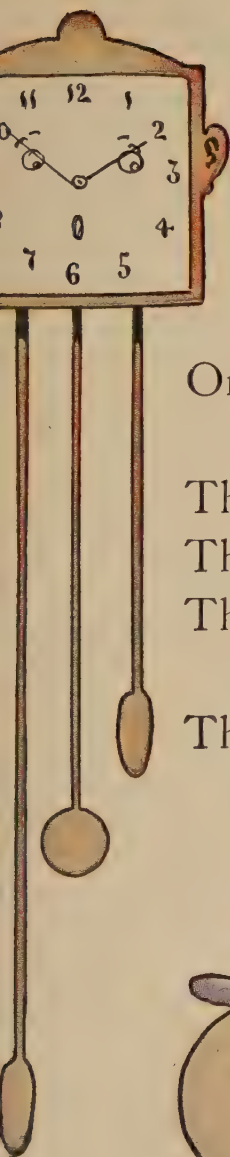
Strange things  
happen in Shut-  
Eye Town.

The Dutch clock  
and the Chinese plate told  
this story to the children of  
Good-Children street.

The Chinese plate said, "There  
was once a dog in Shut-Eye  
Town.

It was a gingham dog.  
There was also a cat in Shut-Eye  
Town.





It was a calico  
cat.

They sat side  
by side on the  
table.



One night the Dutch clock heard  
the dog say, 'Bow-wow.'

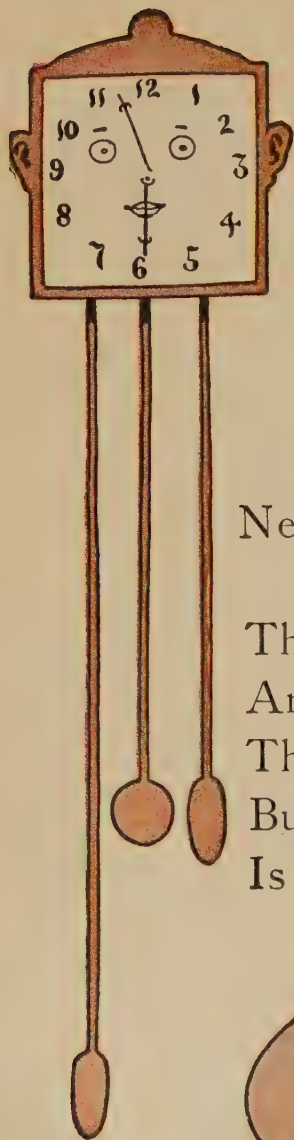
The cat said, 'Me-ow, me-ow.'

Then what do you think happened?

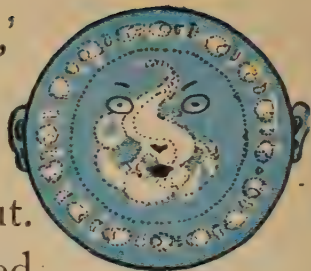
The dog jumped at the cat, and  
the cat jumped at the dog.

The clock was so frightened it  
put its hands before its face.





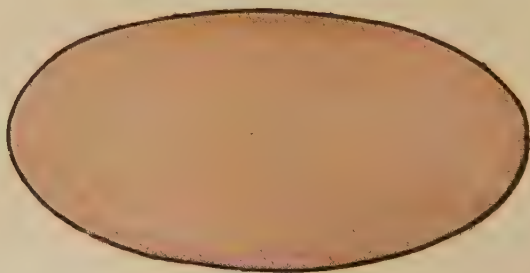
‘When I looked,’  
said the plate,  
‘I saw them  
tumbling about.



The air was filled  
with bits of gingham and  
calico.

Next morning, where the two had  
sat,

They found no trace of dog or cat.  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away;  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up.’”



# WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish

That lived in that beautiful sea—

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

Never afraid are we;”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam ;  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home.  
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 't was a dream they  
dreaded  
Of sailing that beautiful sea—  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.





Here are Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.  
They are in Shut-Eye Town.  
They have been to Hushaby street  
to see the Rock-a-By Lady.  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod are going  
for a sail.  
Their boat is a big wooden shoe.  
They sail, and sail, and sail, and come  
to a big sea of light.  
The big Mother Moon is there.  
The Moon says, "Where are you go-  
ing, and what do you wish?"  
"We have come to fish for the her-  
ring fish that live in this beauti-  
ful sea.  
We have nets with which to catch  
the fish.  
Our nets are made of gold and silver."  
The big Mother Moon laughs and  
sings a song to Wynken, Blyn-  
ken, and Nod.

She tells them the herring fish are  
the little stars.

The stars say, "You may cast your  
nets wherever you wish. We  
are not afraid."

So Wynken, Blynken, and Nod sail  
and rock all night in the wooden  
shoe.

They put their nets out into the  
beautiful sea.

They fish for the little stars.

When the night has gone, Wynken,  
Blynken, and Nod can not see  
the little fish in the beautiful  
sea.

Then down from the skies comes the  
wooden shoe, bringing the fisher-  
men home to Good-Children  
street.

## LITTLE-OH-DEAR

See, what a wonderful garden is here,  
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear!  
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—  
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town,  
And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer  
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,  
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,  
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,  
Roses and pansies and violets—all  
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer  
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree  
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;  
For, ever and only, she singeth the song  
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;  
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here:  
"I love you—I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly,  
But what careth my little precious, or I?  
From her pathway of flowers that in spring-time upstart  
She walketh the tenderer way in my heart;  
And, oh, it is always the summer-time here  
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!



I am Little-Oh-Dear.

This is my garden.

My papa made this garden for me.

Is it not a beautiful garden?

There are many kinds of flowers in it.

Some are white flowers.

Some flowers are blue.

Others are yellow.

Some are red, and some are violet.

I have roses, pansies, and lilies.

I love my garden.

When I come into this garden, the  
flowers all nod their heads to me.

I love the bird that sings in the tree.

The bird's song is, "I love you—  
I love you, Little-Oh-Dear!"



# THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE

Play that my knee was a calico mare  
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;  
Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,  
And gallop away to Bumpville!  
I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,  
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,  
And many adventures you're likely to meet  
As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots  
While whisking you off to Bumpville;  
She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots,  
In the tortuous road to Bumpville;  
And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed  
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,  
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,  
When one is en route to Bumpville!

She's scared of the cars when the engine goes  
"Toot!"

Down by the crossing at Bumpville;  
You'd better look out for that treacherous brute  
Bearing you off to Bumpville!  
With a snort she rears up on her hindmost heels,  
And executes jigs and Virginia reels—  
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels  
Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!

It's bumpytybump and it's jiggytyjog,  
Journeying on to Bumpville;  
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog  
You ride on your way to Bumpville;  
It's rattletybang over boulder and stump,  
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,  
And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,  
Mile after mile to Bumpville!

Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy thing  
Making the journey to Bumpville,  
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring  
An end to this ride to Bumpville;  
For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,  
The calico mare must be blowing and faint—  
What's more to the point, I'm blowed if I ain't!  
So play we have got to Bumpville!



This is the way we go to Bumpville.  
Did you ever ride to Bumpville?  
The road to Bumpville is a rough road.

It goes over fences and stumps.  
It goes up hill and down hill.  
What do you think of my horse?

The horse is mother's knee.

The reins are mother's arms.

Sometimes I ride very fast.

Sometimes the horse stops still and will not go.

But when the engine says "Toot," the  
horse rears and jumps.

She prances and dances and tosses her  
head, until I almost tumble off.

Then she gallops and trots, bumpytybump,  
jiggityjog, until we get to Bumpville.

## NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

The mill goes toiling slowly around

With steady and solemn creak,

And my little one hears in the kindly sound

The voice of the old mill speak.

While round and round those big white wings

Grimly and ghostlike creep,

My little one hears that the old mill sings:  
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,  
And, over his pot of beer,  
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,  
Lustily maketh cheer;  
He mocks at the winds that caper along  
From the far-off clamorous deep,—  
But we—we love their lullaby song  
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound  
Groans of the stony mart—  
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,  
Hitched to our new milk-cart!  
And you shall help me blanket the kine  
And fold the gentle sheep,  
And set the herring a-soak in brine—  
But now, little tulip, sleep.

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes  
That wearily droop and blink,  
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies  
And scolds at the stars that wink;  
Over your face the misty wings  
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,  
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:  
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"



This is Katrina.

Katrina is a little Dutch girl.

She lives in Holland.

Holland is the country of the Dutch.

What is our country?

Katrina's country is not like our country.

See Katrina's queer little white cap.





What queer shoes, too.

They are not like our shoes.

Katrina's shoes are made of wood.

She takes her shoes off when she  
goes into the house.

Katrina's shoes are not black; they are  
white.

Her mother scrubs them to make  
them white.

What do you do to your shoes?





See this beautiful flower.

Do you know what it is?

It looks like a cup.

It is yellow like gold, and red like the  
sunset.

This red and yellow cup is a tulip.

Many tulips grow in Katrina's garden.

Katrina loves the tulips.

Her father and mother love the tulips.

All the people in Holland love tulips.  
How do tulips hold their heads?  
Can you hold your head like the  
tulip?

Sometimes they nod their heads.  
Can you nod your head like the tulip?  
Do you have tulips in your garden?



# A LETTER FROM KATRINA

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

Hans and I have a dog. The dog's name is Fritz. Fritz is a big dog. He draws Hans in the cart.

We have some cows; they are black and white. We sell milk. We put the milk-cans in the cart, and Fritz draws it.

Hans has some rabbits, too. I feed them every day. The rabbits run after me.

Every day I sail little boats on the water. The boats are little chips of wood. Do you ever sail chip boats?

Write and tell me what you play.

Your little friend,

KATRINA.



## ANOTHER LETTER FROM KATRINA

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

I am making a chain for father. I knit it on pins. Did you ever knit a chain?

We have a baby at our house. His name is Hans. Hans is my brother.

I help mother every day. I rock Hans to sleep. I can sew. Can you sew? When mother bakes and churns I help her. Can you bake and churn?

I feed the chickens. When Hans is big he will feed the chickens. When I am big I will buy mother a new lace cap.

Write me a letter and tell me what you do to help your father and mother.

Your little friend,

KATRINA.



Look at this windmill.  
Did you ever see a windmill like this?  
This is a Dutch windmill.  
It belongs to Katrina's father.  
There are many, many windmills in  
Holland.





The people could not do without them.  
What great arms this windmill has!  
The wind makes the arms go round  
and round.

When there is just a little wind, the  
arms go slowly round and round.  
But when the wind blows very hard,  
these great arms go

Whirling,  
Swirling,  
Twirling,

Faster and faster and faster.

The windmill grinds the corn, saws  
the wood, and 'pumps the water  
for Katrina's father.

Show how the arms of the windmill  
go, when there is just a little wind.  
Show how the arms of the windmill  
go, when the wind blows very  
hard.

A queer bird lives in Katrina's country.  
It has very long legs, a very long neck,  
and a long bill.

This long-legged bird is called a stork.

The stork builds its nest on the top of  
the chimney.

Katrina loves the mother stork and the  
baby stork.

The people in Holland love all birds.





When night comes the baby storks go to  
sleep in their nests.

Little Hans goes to sleep in his mother's  
arms.

She sings a song to him, and calls him  
her little tulip.

The little one hears the old mill sing:

“Sleep, little tulip, sleep!”

And rocking the cradle, the mother sings:

“Sleep, little tulip, sleep!”

# SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO!

So, so, rock-a-by so!

Off to the garden where dreamikins grow;

And here is a kiss on your winkyblink eyes,

And here is a kiss on your dimpledown cheek,

And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies

In the beautiful garden 'way up in the skies

Which you seek.

Now mind these three kisses wherever you go—

So, so, rock-a-by so!

There's one little fumfay who lives there, I know,

For he dances all night where the dreamikins grow;

I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes,

I send him this kiss on your rosyred cheek.

And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise

When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away skies

Which you seek.

Be sure that you pay those three kisses you owe—

So, so, rock-a-by so!

And by-low as you rock-a-by go,

Don't forget mother who loveth you so!

And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,

And here is her kiss on your peachypink cheek,

And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies

Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies

Which you seek.

The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow—

So, so, rock-a-by so!



So, so, rock-a-by so!

Baby is going to dreamland.

Dreamland is a far-away land.

There is a beautiful garden in dream-  
land.

Baby dreams grow in this garden.

A little fairy lives in the garden.

The fairy takes care of the baby dreams.

When baby goes to dreamland, he takes  
three kisses.

Baby has one kiss on his eyes.  
He has one kiss on his cheek.  
He has one kiss on his chin.  
He gives the kisses to the fairy.  
The fairy brings the little dreams to  
    baby.  
He brings a dream for every kiss.

So, so, rock-a-by so!  
Baby is off to dreamland!  
    “The dreamland that lies  
like a babe on the breast  
    of those far-away skies  
Which you seek—  
The blinkywink garden where dreami-  
    kins grow—  
So, so, rock-a-by so!”



## FAIRY AND CHILD

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,  
To the fairy voices calling,  
For the moon is high in the misty sky  
And the honey dew is falling;  
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom  
The bluebells are a-ringing,  
And it's "Come away to the land of fay"  
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,  
And hand in hand we'll wander—  
Hand in hand to the beautiful land  
Of Balow, away off yonder;  
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf  
Into the white moon's halo—  
Over a stream of mist and dream  
Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—  
Two gossamer wings and airy,  
And all the while shall the old moon smile  
And think you a little fairy;  
And you shall dance in the velvet sky,  
And the silvery stars shall twinkle,  
And dream sweet dreams as over their beams  
Your footfalls softly tinkle.



Once there was a little child whose  
name was Dear-My-Soul.

Dear-My-Soul loved the trees and  
the flowers.

She loved the sky and the sunshine.  
Birds and butterflies were her friends.  
The crickets sang for her.

The clover and the bluebells bloomed  
for her.

One night a little fairy came to Dear-  
My-Soul.

The fairy said, "Come with me to  
the land of fairies."

The moon smiled down upon them.  
The bluebells rang sweetly.

The clover blossoms nodded good-bye.  
The fairy and Dear-My-Soul went off  
into the bright moonlight.

They came to a silvery stream.

There was a little boat in the stream.

The boat was a lily leaf.

Dear-My-Soul and the fairy got into  
the boat.

They sailed and sailed on the silvery  
stream, to the misty land of Ba-  
low.

The fairy gave Dear-My-Soul two  
beautiful wings.

The moon and stars thought she was  
a fairy.

She danced all night with the fairies.

They sipped the honey and drank the  
dew from the flowers.

The stars grew sleepy and hid their  
eyes.

The birds began to call, the flowers  
to lift their heads.

It was time for Dear-My-Soul to re-  
turn from the misty land, back  
to the bright sunshine.

# VOCABULARY

THIS list includes all the words used in the Eugene Field Reader, arranged by pages in the order of their appearance:

## PAGE 5

little  
boy  
blue

## PAGE 6

tin  
soldier

## PAGE 7

toy  
dog

## PAGE 8

this  
is  
can  
you  
see  
I  
how  
do  
has  
a  
cap  
his  
blouse

red  
he  
stockings

## PAGE 9

the  
black  
coat  
it  
gun  
fire  
no  
for  
talk  
not

## PAGE 10

name  
Dan  
Zip  
big

## PAGE 11

loves  
too  
and  
bark

## PAGE 13

am  
my  
have  
white  
bow-wow  
to  
says

## PAGE 14

them  
puts  
sleep  
in  
chair  
good  
night

## PAGE 17

with  
beat  
drum  
there  
are  
two  
sticks  
they  
r-r-rat, etc.

PAGE 18

trumpet  
blows  
tooty-toot

PAGE 19

girl  
flag  
our  
country  
stars  
stripes  
field  
hurrah

PAGE 20

marching  
like  
come

PAGE 21

children  
play  
that  
way  
circle  
file

PAGE 22

was  
man  
who

these  
all  
hear

PAGE 23

said  
straight  
heart  
their  
music  
on  
people  
room  
so  
will  
arms  
around  
me  
sing  
songs  
tell  
stories  
make  
happy  
Eugene Field  
much  
wrote  
sweetest

PAGE 26

beautiful  
great

noise  
get  
ready

PAGE 28

we  
Indians  
live  
woods  
cherry  
trees  
wigwam  
kite  
find  
shall  
hide  
when  
run  
after

PAGE 30

Tom  
captain  
Bill  
must  
mark  
time  
left  
right  
forward  
us  
now



PAGE 33

humming  
top  
spin  
day  
Fred  
one  
laughs  
of  
hold  
fast  
string  
then  
wind  
floor  
drop  
pull  
tightly  
quickly

PAGE 36

dear  
home  
street  
Odette  
many  
other  
what  
kind  
think  
always  
romp

till  
bed-time

PAGE 37

dolly  
carriage  
wheels  
she  
her  
about  
only  
eye  
feet  
but  
cry  
ill  
poor  
sorry  
one

PAGE 38

an  
army  
listen  
real  
make-believe  
some  
carry  
swords  
painted

PAGE 39

made  
just  
rides  
head  
horse  
prances  
snorts

PAGE 42

let  
go  
Shut-Eye  
town  
gowns  
bell  
ting-a-ling  
whistle  
train  
aboard

PAGE 43

oh  
sights  
cars  
know  
road  
sky  
clouds  
dark

PAGE 44

because  
bloom

over  
mother  
moon  
lights  
as  
swiftly  
bird  
flies

PAGE 46

sugar-plum  
ever  
grows  
garden  
which  
candy  
eat  
fruit  
very  
tall  
climb

PAGE 48

reach  
things  
say  
first  
where  
chocolate  
under  
spy  
gingerbread  
loudly

PAGE 49  
happens  
tumbling  
down  
from

PAGE 50  
sits  
ground

PAGE 53  
Rock-a-By  
Lady  
Hushaby

PAGE 54  
flowers  
poppies  
filled  
every  
dream  
bring  
give  
rub-a-dub

PAGE 55  
Nat  
pop-guns  
bang  
walk  
boats  
floating  
silvery  
streams  
peek-a-boo

misty  
gleams  
up  
beams  
fairies  
winging

PAGE 58  
strange  
Dutch  
clock  
plate  
told  
once  
gingham

PAGE 59  
calico  
sat  
side  
table  
heard  
jumped  
frightened  
hands  
before  
face

PAGE 60  
looked  
air  
filled  
bits

next  
morning  
found  
trace  
folks  
burglars  
stole  
pair  
truth  
each

PAGE 64

Wynken  
Blynken  
Nod  
been  
sail  
shoe  
sea  
wish  
fish  
herring  
nets  
catch  
gold  
silver

PAGE 65

may  
cast  
afraid  
gone

PAGE 68

papa  
yellow  
violet  
roses  
pansies  
lilies

PAGE 71

Bumpville  
rough

PAGE 72

fences  
stumps  
hill  
knee  
reins  
stops  
still  
engine  
rears  
dances  
tosses  
almost  
off  
gallops  
trots  
jiggity  
jog

PAGE 74

Katrina  
Holland  
queer

PAGE 75

your  
takes  
scrubs

PAGE 76

cup  
sunset  
tulip  
father

PAGE 78

friend  
Fritz  
draws  
cart  
cows  
sell  
Hans  
milk  
rabbits  
after  
water  
chips

PAGE 79

chain  
knit  
pins

baby  
house  
brother  
help  
sew  
bakes  
churns  
feed  
chickens  
buy  
new  
lace  
write  
letter

PAGE 80

windmill  
belongs

PAGE 81

could  
without  
slowly  
blows  
hard  
whirling  
swirling  
twirling  
grinds  
corn  
saws  
pumps  
show

PAGE 82

legs  
long  
neck  
called  
stork  
builds  
nest  
chimney

PAGE 83

him  
cradle

PAGE 85

Dreamland  
far-away  
fairy  
care  
three  
kisses

PAGE 86

cheek  
chin  
lies  
breast  
those  
seek  
blinky  
wink  
dreamikins

PAGE 89

soul  
whose  
butterflies  
were  
crickets  
clover  
smiled  
sweetly  
blossoms  
good-bye  
went  
bright  
came

PAGE 90

leaf  
got  
Balow  
wings  
thought  
sipped  
honey  
drank  
dew  
grew  
began  
lift  
return  
back  
sunshine











P9-DSF-858

